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A SERMON PREACHED BY  
REV. W. J. P. MORRISON, M.A.

AT THE  
Kellogg Memorial Service,  
held in Landour, August 13th, 1899.

*Reprinted from the "Indian Evangelical Review," January 1900.*

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## LATE REV. S. H. KELLOGG, D. D.

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BEFORE I begin the sermon I have been asked to preach today, as a Memorial to the late Dr. S. H. Kellogg, I trust I may have your indulgence for a brief preface of a personal nature. It has seemed to me a pity that some one should not have undertaken this task who was more nearly Dr. Kellogg's equal in eminence, in scholarship, and in literary gift—one who could, more worthily than I can hope to do, present before you those features of his life and work most worthy of memorial amongst us.

If there is anything that could justify the selection of myself for this honorable service, it will probably be the fact that there is no one in India—not even his wife and children—who has enjoyed his confidence and friendship so long as myself. While we were lads in our teens, we became class-mates in college, in 1858, forty-one long years ago. This was my first knowledge of the life we today desire to recall to memory. Of the 100 members of the "class of 1861" in Princeton College, there were two young men who, by the award of the Professors and the common judgment of the students, took easily the first rank amongst us in scholarship, character, and mental power, and these two have in after-life maintained an eminence gratifying to the pride of their class-mates and friends. Though they were rivals for college honors, yet it was an honorable rivalry, which rather cemented than interfered with the intimacy of their friendship, for they were room-mates as well as class-mates, and they maintained their cordial friendship to later years. Samuel S. Mitchell was probably the most intimate friend, through our college course, of Samuel H. Kellogg. These two young Samuels—*par nobile fratrum!*—thus early in life were dedicated to the service of God, and have ever continued in His Temple serving Him. Would that Dr. Mitchell could have taken today the service that has been assigned to me! But as that cannot be, I will venture the opinion that it would be gratifying to the members of our class if it could be arranged that he might at some time preach, in Princeton University itself,

a sermon commemorative of Dr. Kellogg's life and work that would be really a memorial worthy of one of her most brilliant sons.

It must always be with me a cause of sincere thankfulness that, in those college days, young Kellogg gave to me the place next to Mitchell in his intimate friendship, and hence it came to pass that, in the long and frequent walks we took together in the academic groves and classic streets of that University town, I was a privileged partaker of the ideas on all subjects engaging his eager, active mind, and got glimpses even then of the swiftness and penetration of his mental processes, so that it has been no surprise to me that he should so rapidly and thoroughly have mastered the languages and religious and philosophical systems of the East.

Considering that this personal acquaintance, begun so early and continued at intervals through our missionary life, and renewed during the last six years by our residence together in Landour and Dehra, and further cemented by the mutual attachment of our families, and by his most brotherly sympathy with me in deep domestic affliction, may in a measure justify my selection for this task, I have, with some hesitation, felt it my duty to regard the wishes of his friends that I should undertake this service of presenting to you some of the features of his character and work most worthy of being recalled and kept in memory. Having viewed him in the intimacies of youthful companionship, and also of his home life in later years, I am perfectly aware that he was human—very human—I might add—very *amiably* human; and if I speak chiefly of his excellencies and achievements, as is befitting such an occasion as this, it is not because I wish to make him out to be a paragon of character—faultlessly pious, frigidly great. I had every opportunity to know his limitations and his weaknesses, and with the fidelity of friendship it was my privilege at times to mention them to him. No one more vigorously than Dr. Kellogg would condemn that method of biographical notice which deals only in heroics, and gives the impression that its subject was one separated from his fellows by an impossible virtue and almost unattainable greatness.

One more remark and I will have done with these personal explanations, and that is that it is at the suggestion of others and not of my own preference that what I have to say today has been committed to writing, instead of being delivered in the greater freedom of extempore dis-



course, as is my usual custom. Unaccustomed as I am to much use of the pen, I trust to your indulgence to excuse its inevitable defects.

And now let me address myself to the task that is before me.

Had I been asked to pronounce, as is so customary amongst the French, a mere oration of eulogy, the task would have been simple and congenial. Or had it been my duty to present to you a careful history of his life, or an appreciative critique upon his work, the matter would have been plain before me. But it is expected of me that I shall preach to you a *sermon* at one of your usual diets for the worship of God, and on the Lord's Day, and yet make it a discourse memorial of the life and excellencies of a man. And the question at once rose up to face me, "Is it right for you, in your official capacity as a minister of the everlasting Gospel of Christ, whose solemn duty it is to lead men and women in the worship of God, and so to order the service that the hearts of the congregation shall be brought into an attitude of adoring love and reverence for the living and invisible God,—is it right for you to take the brief time and opportunity they have for spiritual help, and use it for the praise of a man, however great and good he may have been?" It is not for the adoration of saints that we assemble ourselves in worship. Then dare I preach Kellogg when your souls need Christ?

But may there not be a legitimate place for the memory of the good and great that, so far from being a hindrance, may be a positive help in the worship of God? Do we not see something of this in Divine revelation itself, where a large part of the Bible consists of history and the biographies of men like ourselves, given in order to be helpful to us in our religious life? Does not St. Paul in his Epistles frequently write in praise of his personal friends who in their lives manifested the grace of God? And may not then a Memorial Sermon be so preached as to make the life of one who, a sinner by nature, gained victory over sin and unbelief, and has left us, a pattern worthy of our consideration and imitation, and may not this prove to be helpful to our worship of God?

In seeking for a text for such a sermon, I have thought that suitable suggestions for a Memorial Sermon might be drawn from a study of the scene on the Mount of Transfiguration.

From the record of that scene I select these words :—

Mark ix, 5—8. "And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here ; and let us make three tabernacles ; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias ; for he wist not what to say. And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man save JESUS ONLY, with themselves."

We often speak and think of the transfiguration of *Our Lord* on that occasion, but how seldom we speak or think of the transfiguration that these three disciples underwent. We think perhaps of the Divine Glory which transformed the face and garments of our Lord, but how little of the transforming and ennobling influence of the themes that were there discussed, and of the profound effect they had on these disciples that were in the flesh, while Jesus and His glorified visitors "spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." And is it not characteristic of our religion that its transfigurings of human, sinful lives begin, not at the outside, but are always inward ? It is not the garments or the face, that are made to shine with the heavenly glory, but the work goes on in the secret soul long before any great change becomes visible to the outward eye of man.

And yet was not that mount as truly a Mount of Transfiguration to those three fishermen of Galilee as it was to our Lord Himself ?

So great was the influence brought to bear on them that Peter,—spokesman for the rest—cried, "Lord, it is good for us to be here ;" and the influence was so uplifting as to bear them almost above a state of consciousness, for Mark tells us, "He wist not what to say," and Luke says "Not knowing what he said." As the dull and sluggish pupa and the torpid chrysalis, no doubt, feel within themselves the mysterious changes that are leading them to new conditions and activities of life, so these three disciples, so different in temperament and character, felt surprisingly mystic forces stirring within them, which they could only blindly describe as "good for us," and so far beyond what they had ever before known or experienced, that they had no hope of their daily recurrence unless they might build tabernacles to fix them into permanence.

Another point to be noted is, that they perceived that these transforming influences came into their souls from *personal companionship*, and they needed such social touch with the good and great in order to be sure of the continuance of these blessed influences.



It was not the physical brightness or the spectacular vision which wrought these changes within them; they were largely due to that subtle thing we call *personal influence*.

Again, we learn here that this personal influence *differs* greatly in different men. Had it not been so,—were it possible that *any* and *all* personal contact with men would equally transfigure life and character—then there would have been no motive for building tabernacles for these particular ones. A separate tabernacle for each suggests perhaps the *marked individuality* of personal influence perceived by the disciples. It would be interesting, were there time for it, to study the marked differences of blessed influence probably exerted separately by Jesus, by Moses, and by Elias. But today we concern ourselves with it only as a *fact* typical of our human experience. Men do greatly *differ* in this subtle power we call “personal influence.” Some men have almost none;—some amaze us with their power;—some influence us for evil,—some for good;—some drag us downwards; some lift us upwards; some tend to debase us, and with others we find ourselves on a Mount of Transfiguration. One has the powerful, accursed fascination of the serpent upon us. It is a calamity to meet him. The woman who marries him, the children that are begotten by him, the friends who are his companions, are blighted in life and character. Another exerts a different influence. His charm is sweeter, gentler, and more refining, but his influence is still of the earth—earthy. He draws us to him into the fairest glades and cosiest nooks, and pleasantest of human experiences, and we cherish his friendship and preserve lovingly his memory;—but in it all there is only the valley; there is no Mount of Transfiguration in that man’s influence over us. Refining influence, but no uplift of soul; winning music, but no trumpet-call to the highest standard of life; softening influence, but no strengthening power.

But, thank God! there come to us sometimes rare spirits in human,—very human form, perhaps,—who truly ennoble and transfigure our inner life.

Now what do we mean by “influence,” and men who are “men of influence?” I think we generally think of them as men from whom there issue strong forces. Then why not call them men of *effluence*,—of *out-flow*? Why say that they are men of *in-fluence*,—men of *in-flow* above their fellows? I suppose it is because there are many men of powerful *ef-fluence* who have, after all, but little *in-fluence*, *men of*

great intelligence and energy, and yet, for some reason or other, they have little or no power of penetrating and transfusing themselves into, and transforming the lives of, others.

It is also worthy of note that in His wisdom it has pleased God, not to use angels or supernatural beings for this purpose, but to accomplish these blessed results mainly by means of *human* instrumentalities. Moses and Elias were eminent examples in their day of this transforming personal influence. Even when they were men in the flesh, how mightily they wrought upon their generation! the one transforming an unorganized, undisciplined rabble of slaves so soon into a well organized and warlike nation; the other, facing a wicked court, a cruel queen, and a haughty, idolatrous priesthood, and a revolted people, and yet so rousing the conscience of the nation as to re-establish the authority and the unfashionable worship of Jehovah.

If such was their magnetic power while mere men in the flesh, what must have been the added charm of their personalities after centuries of spiritual abiding in the presence of God amid the mysteries of the unseen! Is it any wonder that Peter, James and John, when suddenly brought into direct personal contact with these two men, felt their subtle, penetrative power upon their lives, and exclaimed, "It is good for us to be here"?

Six years ago God sent into *our* community on this mountain top, one who was perfectly human in all his tastes and activities. He made himself one of us in all the social amenities of our life up here. A great student, but no recluse. A profound scholar, but no pedant. An able preacher, but a humble, genial companion. An able theologian and a scholarly exegete, and yet with an eager interest in contemporary politics and in all scientific progress. A consecrated Christian life, and yet as enthusiastic as a boy with his photography and his bicycle. In this perfectly human way God found through him an entrance into our hearts and lives in these communities of Mussoorie, Landour, and Dehra, such that we are not content to let *him* be buried like other men, without special memorial, but have met today to commemorate with special services a life so worthy to be held in memory. How can we account for it?

It seems to me that a suitable answer is furnished us from this scene on the Mount of Transfiguration. Not that he appeared amongst us with any spectacular radiance of



garments or of countenance ; for I fancy these had but little to do with transfiguring the lives of Peter and James and John. I fancy it must have been the wonderful *discourse* that took place on the Mount that enlarged their conceptions of the wondrous *scope of Divine truth*. What a privilege to have heard Moses, the great giver of the Law, and Elias, with the intense vision of the prophet into the secret counsels of the Divine, discoursing with Jesus, the Divine Teacher, about the great sacrifice of the world of which the sacrifices of the Mosaic ritual were but feeble types,—of the suffering of the Messiah and of the glory that would follow—those greatest themes of prophecy. No wonder they wished it to last for ever, that they might slowly take it all in and continue that blessed expansion of soul which was too much for one brief discourse. And so, is it not pre-eminently his *discourse*, his *theme*, that will account for Dr. Kellogg's uplifting, helpful influence in these communities ? Was it not that *these* might continue to us that we would gladly have had him tabernacle longer with us ? Why ! the very evening before his death, I am told, he conducted one of those highly valued Bible readings in a private house, which took such hold of his hearers that their hungry hearts felt they had not had enough, and they obtained Dr. Kellogg's promise to continue the same subject the next week. But I suppose *the* theme that has made his stay amongst us *most* memorable, and which few men have grasped so well, is the department of Eschatology,—the mysteries and glories of the end of time and the great Hereafter. So anxious were people to hear him on these themes, that he several times expressed to me a regret that they pressed him to take up such subjects so often, lest it might give a one-sidedness to his ministry, and lest they should be regarded as a hobby with him. It was these themes especially that made his ministry such a rare one amongst us.

In this connection also mention ought to be made of a class of addresses which were highly appreciated, and, we believe, were accomplishing more and more good, both in Mussoorie and Dehra ; namely, his friendly talks in drawing-rooms on Apologetic subjects, calculated to be helpful to those who have intellectual difficulties through the scientific and agnostic objections raised against our Christian faith. While holding firmly himself to the verities of revelation, he had patience and sympathy to the uttermost with the doubting, and, granting to the full all

their reasonable positions, from their own standpoint endeavored to lead their minds on to the firmer ground of assured belief. We had hoped that on these subjects too he might have completed his ministry by a longer tabernacling with us.

But it would be a very inadequate memorial of Dr. Kellogg's life and work, if we were to limit our scope to what *we* have seen of them during these six years in this locality. The personal influence which we have found so valuable to us, has been widely felt in other lands. I can testify to his brilliant career and sincere piety when a student in College and Theological Seminary. Soon after he took his B. A. degree, his College appointed him a Tutor of Mathematics, and had he not sacrificed brilliant prospects at Home in order that he might give his life to India, he would no doubt have soon been called to a Professor's chair. In India he quickly rose to eminence as an Oriental scholar, as the author of our standard Hindi Grammar.

For domestic reasons it became necessary for him to return to America, in 1876, and there he became widely and favorably known as pastor of large and important churches, as an able theologian, a skilful instructor, a many-sided author, a scholarly commentator, and a valued lecturer and a contributor to the periodical literature of the time. If there were time, I might read to you the testimonies of eminent men and ecclesiastical bodies in various lands, who have felt his loss as deeply as ourselves.

Bishop Welldon, of Calcutta, writes to Mrs. Kellogg, "And if I may claim any right to speak, as I think I may, for the whole Church of England in India, I will assure you of a sympathy shared by all Churchmen in the loss of one whose character and learning were the ornaments of Indian Christianity."

In the Church of St., James's Square, Toronto, Canada where he had been a few years pastor, although he had, been absent from them for seven years, yet when the news of his death reached them, they set aside a popular children's service that was arranged for, draped the church in mourning, and held a memorial service instead. In Resolutions passed by the Session of that church, they say of Dr. Kellogg: "Although only a little more than six years a resident of Toronto, he speedily secured for himself a position of unusual influence throughout Ontario and



far beyond it, as the result of his wide and varied scholarship and by means of his numerous and valuable contributions to theological literature. It is not to be wondered at, that during his ministry in St. James' Square Church, the membership increased from 503 to 704, and that all departments of the congregation's activity enjoyed abundant prosperity."

The Synod of Toronto and Kingston also took action, and stated that his "memory is still fragrant in Toronto."

The Rev. Dr. Cavan, Principal of Knox College, in Canada, in a letter full of kind sympathy with the bereaved family and of appreciation of Dr. Kellogg, says, amongst other things, "The name of your beloved and revered husband is one that will be held in remembrance by good people in generations to come. But far above this is the consideration that he has met the approval of his Lord, and been welcomed into the Everlasting Kingdom."

Dr. Ellenwood, Mission Secretary in New York, himself an able writer on Comparative Religion, writes: "We regarded Dr. Kellogg as the brightest scholar we had in any of our Mission fields—a man of the rarest talents, and also of earnest, consecrated interest in the great work of Missions. His broad study of the religions of the world, and of the great questions that confront us in the conquest of the world for Christ, I have always looked upon with great interest."

The Foreign Missions Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada passed Resolutions in reference to his death, from which I cull this sentence—"Affable in manner, ripe in scholarship, distinguished as an author, self-forgetting in service, and unwearied in diligence, Dr. Kellogg will always be remembered with affection by those who were his colleagues and co-workers in the Foreign Missions committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada."

Resolutions were also passed by the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Pittsburg, and by other bodies.

Secretary Speer, of New York, writes: "Throughout the whole Church, moreover, he was so well known and respected that his death will be regarded as a bereavement of the whole Church."

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America have placed a minute on their records in which they say: "He was one of the ablest scholars in any Mission field, and at the time of his death was engaged in a special work of Biblical

revision requiring the highest order of talent, and to which he had been assigned in response to a general request from various Missionary organizations in India."

A writer in the *Presbyterian Banner* of Pittsburg testifies to Dr. Kellogg's unusual skill as a *teacher* who could influence and inspire his pupils. When Dr. Kellogg returned to America from India in 1876, he was soon called to a Professorship in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, as successor to the younger Hodge, one of the brainiest teachers and theologians of the century. Dr. Hodge's students were strongly disposed to leave Allegheny and follow Dr. Hodge to Princeton, but were persuaded to wait and see what this new Professor, just returned from India, was like. The writer in *The Banner* says: "It was with fear and trembling for him that we saw him sit down in that chair. In that chair had burned the light of a great genius, and over it was the shadow of a great name. How was this returned missionary and comparative stranger to fill it? The very first recitation gave to this question a hopeful answer, which rapidly grew into a triumphant affirmation and success. Dr. Kellogg took the place by storm, and soon sat on it as his throne. His breadth and accuracy of scholarship, his philosophic insight into the Scripture, and readiness in quoting passages to prove his points, his aptness in asking questions and his clearness in answering them, his patience and sympathy and tact in teaching, his missionary zeal, his lofty character and beautiful spirit, and his ardent devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, quickly won his way into the minds and hearts of his students, and made him master of the situation. Dr. Kellogg had in a rare degree that highest gift of a teacher—contagion. His spirit was catching, subtle emanations radiated from him that no student could escape. Simply to be in his class-room was to be immersed in an intellectual bath; if a student failed to absorb something in that place, it must have been because he not only had no brains, but did not even have pores in his skin. If water would wet him or fire would burn him, Dr. Kellogg's teaching would teach him. Yet, his deepest influence was not intellectual, but spiritual. His faith was the central fire that glowed in his heart and lit up his face and shone through the whole man, radiating its blessing and beauty on all around him. To know him was to love him, and to be in his company was an education. He bound his students to him with cords of devotion that time and space



could not break. He so deeply infected them with his spirit that they ever bore something of his likeness. Hundreds of ministers are preaching the Gospel all over the world to-day, that look back to the years spent under his influence as a very precious and fruitful part of their preparation."

Another writer says: "Under Dr. Kellogg about 14 per cent. of the graduates of Allegheny Seminary entered the foreign field, as against 5 per cent. for the 50 years previous." Dr. Kellogg could point to no less than 38 workers who had gone to Mission work in foreign lands, more or less due to his influence over them. Here we get a hint of the powerfully projective force which "personal influence" is sometimes able to exert.

These extracts will be sufficient to show that the estimate we have formed of Dr. Kellogg's influence from our own experience is justified by the judgment of able men in other lands, and that it is the same as that exerted in other and wider spheres where he lived and wrought, and they confirm the opinion that it was the *discourse*—his *theme*—that accounts for that subtle power that penetrated as an *in-flow* the lives he has done so much to transform.

And if we could place ourselves in the intimacies of his home life, and learn from the members of his family how the charm of the human element, combined with the splendour of the intellectual and spiritual theme, helped to transfigure life to wife and children, we should learn the same lesson as before—that there is nothing so helpful in personal influence to transfigure life and character as profound *knowledge* of the *Word of God* and of the scheme of His Redemptive purposes, a real insight into the "sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow."

Another lesson too, we get from the Mount suitable for our memorial theme. It is that just when the disciples awakened to the preciousness of their privilege and longed that it might continue, their prayer received a swift, curt, inexorable refusal. When they thought of tabernacles, the vision was gone. The very agents that God had used to rouse them to a better life and enriching views of Divine truth were snatched suddenly from them, and none could explain the mystery of their removal. Without apology or a word of explanation they, for whose ennobling help the disciples pled, were taken from them.

So was it with our friend whose loss we mourn to-day. Could anything have been more swift than his removal? No prayer could bring him back. The decree was inexor-

able. The very method of his removal remains an unexplained mystery, like that of the sudden disappearance of Moses and Elias. But have we not a sound *reason* for it, supplied or suggested by our text? It is God's purpose that human agents should be His means to lift our souls and transfigure our lives, but it is *not* the Divine purpose that they shall abide with us. It is *against* His purpose that we should build tabernacles for Virgin, or for Prophet, or for Saint, however helpful they may have been to us. He wills that we *shall not* depend on them.

One more lesson emerges from the text, and, thank God ! it explains the mystery and supplies everything really needful for the longing disappointed soul. It is hard enough that men of evil influence should be permitted to remain with us to tempt and ensnare us ; but O God ! it is hard, very hard, that when we have found an influence that helps and uplifts, and we have learned to desire and love it and pray for its abiding presence, this prayer that pleads from every fibre of our better nature should be denied us, and the good should be so suddenly, so cruelly snatched from us !

But here it is at last that we come to the point where the recounting of the excellencies of a departed friend may be made consistent with the true object of our assembling for the worship of the invisible God. Moses and Elias are taken, and the tabernacles refused, in order that the soul may stand alone before its God, and put its entire but all-sufficient dependence on Him. "JESUS ONLY" must be with us. He only must fill our vision, be the object of our trust, and the hunger of our hearts. None else shall be permanent, but "He abideth ever." Nor Patriarch, nor Prophet, nor Moses, nor Elias, nor Virgin Mother, nor Saint, nor Minister, but "Jesus Only," can be our possession. Let us stand then awhile upon the Mount, as the disciples did, and find in Him our "All and in all", the "One among ten thousand and altogether lovely." Let us adore and love and worship Him as "our Lord and our God," the adequate supply of every need, the all-sufficient satisfaction of our souls.





